THE RUGBY NEWS.

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TOO OLD.

At eleven—how you loved me,
How you hugged me with delight,
And you never hesitated
Begging of me pennies bright—
And you kept it up till sixteen—
Though your kisses lapsed to few;
And at last you ceased to hug me
As you fondly used to do.
Then they put you in long dresses,
And your hugs and kisses dear
Were denied me—you were aged—
I was aged, too, I fear.
How I slyly watched your blushes
As they used to come and go;
You were growing to a woman,
I was growing old and slow.
But it seems the heart pulsating
In my bosom turned to youth;
Then it throbbed away its sadness
When I found I'd learned the truth.
He was younger, he was fairer,
And I think, moreover, bold,
And he won what fates denied me,
Just because I was too old.

—H. S. Keller, in West Shore.

A SUBSTITUTE.

How He Cleared the Sky of Its Dark Clouds for Nettie.

We lived in the little village of Oberon. At least our house was in the village, and the forty-acre farm ran back to the banks of Lash creek, which was our southern boundary.

Our family consisted of father, mother, brother Ralph, and me. Ralph enlisted in a company of infantry, organized about Oberon in 1861, though he was only twenty years of age. No one thought the war would last long, and father said it was the duty of all loyal citizens to assist in putting down the rebellion. So we felt proud of our Ralph when he bade us good-bye, and the company marched out of town in their new blue uniforms, and with their glittering muskets, though tears were in all our eyes. "Don't cry," said father, "Ralph will be back by harvest time."

But Ralph wasn't back for a year, and when he did come he had left one arm behind him on the battle-field. His soldier days were over. It was in the spring of '62, and I was just seventeen years old.

Ralph's constitution was very much shattered, and it was fully a year before he could do any work. Then, of course, he couldn't do much on the farm, so father mortgaged it for five hundred dollars and sent Ralph to Cincinnati to study medicine. He said: "My boy must have work that can be done with one arm."

Ralph had been gone less than three months when the first draft was made, and father was drafted. He was just within the limit, as he had not quite completed his forty-fifth year. He couldn't go and leave no one at home but mother and me; so he found a substitute, and to pay him mortgaged the farm for five hundred dollars more.

The two debts worried father greatly. A man named Joel Griffin, who lived in the village, held both mortgages. He was the owner of a grist-mill, and it was said that he made most of his money by robbing the farmers in taking toll. He was as old as father, and a dried-up little man, always winking and blinking. I used to cross the road to keep from meeting him, but he seemed to try to meet me; and he would put out his hand, which, of course, I couldn't refuse to take.

"Good-morning, Miss Nettie; you look positively charming this morning; you do, indeed. Do you know, Miss Nettie, if I wasn't so old I'd be looking for a wife; I would, indeed. Yes, and I wouldn't look far, Miss Nettie; no, I wouldn't look far."

The mortgages were drawn for one year. Griffin had told father he wouldn't loan the money for a longer term, but that if the interest was paid promptly he would take new notes and extend the mortgage another year.

Father died before the first mortgage fell due, three months after engaging his substitute. Ralph came home to the funeral, and remained only about two weeks. He spoke of giving up his studies and trying to work the farm, but neither mother nor I would listen to that.

"Why, how will you ever manage to meet those mortgages?" asked Ralph.

"I don't know, Ralph," mother had replied, "but the Lord will provide a way."

"When are they due?" inquired Ralph. Mother got out father's account-book. The first was due May 17, 1864, the second July 25, 1864.

"It will be nearly two years yet," said Ralph, "before I can hope for a diploma, and it will take some time to build up a practice. I trust that if we can manage till then our troubles will be over."

Ralph went back. In January there was another draft which took our hired man, John Gober, and mother and I were left alone on the farm. About a week after John Gober had been drafted I was sitting in the front room sewing when I heard a step on the piazza, and as I looked out I saw a young man stepping up to the front door. I opened the door when he knocked. "Is this the Morris farm?" he asked.

"It is," I replied.

"I am looking for work," said he, "and heard that the hired man here had been drafted, and I thought you might want another."

"I'll call mother," said I; "come in," and I gave him a chair. Mother came in pretty soon and said: "Yes, we do need a hired man if any one ever did, for we're all alone on the farm with horses, and cattle, and hogs to look after, and a crop to put in in the spring—that is, if we don't lose the farm—but you don't look as if you could do farm work. How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," was the answer.

"What is your name?" said mother.

"George Marvin," he replied. "I haven't been in the country long. My father was killed in the service; my mother has since died. My only sister is living with an uncle in Bradford. I enlisted, but the examining physicians wouldn't accept me. They said something was wrong with my lungs, but I don't believe it. I guess I look so white from being in the house so much. I've been writing a book for the last three months, and now I want outdoor exercise."

"Writing a fiddlestick!" said mother; "you're throwing away your time. Can you milk cows?"

"I can try," said George.

"Well, that's something," said mother. "Nettie can show you how. You can stay, but I can't tell what we can pay you yet till we see what you can do."

So George Marvin became our hired man. I liked George from the first, but he didn't know much about farm work, though he soon got used to it, and it brought color into his cheeks.

Joel Griffin had been at our house pretty often since father's death, though I generally managed to escape from the room and leave him to talk with mother. I thought he was uneasy about his money. One evening after he had gone mother called me in and said: "Nettie, what do you think? All our troubles are at an end—mortgages paid and all."

"Why, mother, how is that?" said I.

"Girl," said mother, "you don't know your good fortune. Joel Griffin has asked me for your hand."

"And what did you answer him, mother?"

"Answer him," said mother, "how could I answer him but one way? I gave my consent, and I told him your answer would probably be the same as mine, and he's coming to-morrow night for your answer. He says he'll release both the mortgages if you'll become his wife."

"Well," said I, "I never will, that's sure. I hate him."

"You've got every thing in your own hands," said mother. "You can save this property to yourself and Ralph and me in my old age, insure your brother's finishing his studies and getting his diploma. You know with one arm he never could succeed in life without a profession. You can marry a man who loves you, and is able to give you a good home, and can take care of you, or you can see us all homeless in the street. Besides," she added, "you love no one else, do you?"

"I don't know," said I, "but I don't love Joel Griffin, and he's old enough to be my father besides."

"Well," said mother, "you know the result if you refuse him," and she left the room.

Sure enough the next evening Joel was there. Mother called me in and left the room.

"Miss Nettie," said Joel, "your mother has probably told you that I want to marry you. I have had that notion for some time, but you always seemed to try and keep out of my way. Now, your mother has given her consent, and if you say yes I'll get the license to-morrow."

"I don't love you, Mr. Griffin," said I.

"Well, that doesn't make any difference," said he, "probably in time you will. You know those mortgages are due in May and July, and I'll release them both if you'll marry me."

"Suppose I don't marry you?" said I.

"Why, then," said he, "of course, you can't expect any favors from me. The mortgages will have to be paid when they're due, or I'll have to foreclose and sell you out."

The evening of the 1st of April Joel came, and when mother called me into the room he said: "Well, Nettie, have you decided?" He didn't even wait for mother to go out.

"Yes, I have decided," said I.

"What is your decision?"

"If either mortgage is not paid when it is due," said I, "I will marry you the next day."

Time passed on, so fast! The evening of the 1st of May I was sitting in the front room, thinking how near the 17th of May was, and what a fate awaited me, for I knew there was no help for it. I must either marry Joel or we must lose our home. George came in, and found me crying.

"Now, Miss Nettie," said he, "please tell me your troubles."

"George, you can do no good."

"Please tell me, for you are worrying yourself to death over something, and you can't tell but I may be of some use."

So I told him all—of the power of Joel Griffin, and how I loathed him.

"The infernal scoundrel!" said George. "You shall never marry him."

"I'll have to, George," said I, "or we'll lose our home. I can't see mother homeless in her old age, and Ralph, too, would have to give up his profession."

George sat still a moment; then he said: "Don't worry; take things easy. Something tells me you will never marry Joel Griffin. The 10th of May, I believe, will rescue you."

Time sped on rapidly till the 10th of May. George went to the county seat early that morning. About five o'clock in the evening I heard a step on the piazza and looked out of the window. It was George Marvin, in a uniform of blue. "What!" I asked him, "have you deserted us in our trouble and enlisted?" And I know the tears sprung to my eyes.

"No," said George, "and I never will desert you, though I am now a Union soldier. There was another draft today and Jerome Harvey, the banker, was drafted. For twelve hundred dollars I became his substitute. This time, thank God! they accepted me. Here, Nettie, take this envelope. It's all there. Pay off the mortgage, and be free."

I needn't tell you that George Marvin became Joel Griffith's substitute, and my name has been Nettie Marvin many years. Ralph married George's sister Nell. Now Oberon has many thousand inhabitants. Ralph is its leading physician and my George its leading lawyer. George's book was a success. Mother is living yet on the old homestead, though the city has spread all over the old farm that was saved by my substitute.—H. E. Scott, in Chicago News.

A Costly Dinner Set.

The Astor family possess a gold dinner service that is the envy of every woman who has ever seen it. It is one of the most costly in the country. It is valued at $50,000, and is now the property of Mrs. William Astor. It has been in the family's possession a long time; it would be hard to describe, as it was made in different parts of the world, and was picked up on odd occasions. It is unique, and has been talked about more than any other dinner set in this country, says a writer in the Ladies Home Journal. The larger dishes consist of an immense plateau and center piece, end pieces, candelabrums, wine-coolers and pitchers. In the design is represented fruit of all description, together with the unicorn and lion in repousse work. Mrs. Astor uses a white linen tablecloth of the finest texture, made especially for her, with a wide lace border showing a lining of pink satin. Her table is always decorated with Glorie de Paris roses, their exquisite shade of pink matching exactly the satin underneath.

Found in a Theater.

The manager of a New York theater says that a handful of dainty handkerchiefs are left in his theater every night. He has a room set apart for articles picked up in the auditorium after the play. Among the "finds," are glasses, opera glasses, rings, breastpins, cuff buttons and jewelled garters. Once he found a baby. That was a long while ago—not in New York, but in a town on the Arkansas circuit. The baby—a little girl—had been left in a chair. It was wrapped in a shawl. The actors made inquiries everywhere for the waif's parents, but never could find the slightest clew to them. So an actress of the company took the little one in her keeping, fell in love with her, and the waif is one of the brightest soubrettes on the American stage today.—Boston Herald.

An Historic Structure.

It is a singular fact that the only house ever built in Washington City by the Father of His Country is still standing on North Capital street, in that city, in comparative obscurity. Few Washington people know of its existence, and it is never pointed out as a structure of historic interest. The reason for this lies probably in the fact that the house, as ordinarily built, contained three stories, but when the street was graded two more stories were added, and the building is now used as a hotel. It is said that some of the rooms in this old building are in much the same condition as when occupied by Washington's family in 1792.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—Customer—"Will you warrant this watch for a year?" Jeweler—"Yes; for ten years, if you wish. (Sotto voce). I am going out of business in six months."—Yankee Blade.

FOUGHT IN EARNEST.

A Marshal Who was Bound to Take His Man.

Thirty years ago he was a deputy marshal in Nevada, says the Anaconda Standard of a local celebrity. He started out one day to arrest a gambler who had killed a man over a game of cards. The gambler knew that the marshal was seeking him, but with cool effrontery, walked about the streets all day. John—that is the deputy marshal—heard that the man he wanted was in a well-known bar-room. He set out for the place, and carelessly walked boldly into the room. He had not crossed the threshold when he found himself looking into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"Come, Hardy," he said, cooly, "this won't do. I've come to get you, and I want you."

"See here, John," said the gambler. "I don't want to kill you, but I won't let any man arrest me. Go away and let me alone."

"No, I want you," said the marshal, quietly. "Put down the six-shooter and come with me."

"I'll see you shot first," said Hardy.

"I can't help that," said the other. "I must have you. Now, you have the drop on me, but you must come with me or kill me in cold blood."

"I don't want to kill you," said Hardy. "Then put down your gun."

"John, I won't be arrested. Don't touch me. I don't wan't to shoot a man without cause."

"I've got to do it, Hardy."

"See here," said the gambler, turning white, "if you move a foot I'll kill you. But I hate to be a coward. That was fair and square last night. We both pulled together."

The marshal shook his head.

"I'll do one thing, John," Hardy went on. "I'll back up to that wall. You'll back up to the other, I'll draw my revolver to my hip and you can draw yours. Then it's the best man."

The marshal moved backward to the wall, and Hardy did the same. Then the marshal drew his revolver and held it at his side, muzzle down. All this time Hardy had kept his weapon leveled at the marshal. Slowly his arm sunk until the weapon touched the seam of his trousers.

Both men were perfectly calm and immovable, the marshal determined-looking, the gambler still pale.

"Now, John!" said Hardy. Instantly both weapons went up. It was all over so quickly that both men went to the floor together. But Hardy had fired too soon. His ball went at an upward angle, and grazed the marshal's temple. But the marshal had sent his bullet straight into Hardy's heart, and there was no need to arrest the gambler.—Chicago Daily News.

ORNAMENTAL FERNERIES.

An Attractive Object for Household Beautification.

There is no ornament of the dining-room or drawing-room that will give more genuine pleasure than a fernery. If this is grown in a close glass case it will require very little care. The most attractive ferneries are made up of ferns and flowering plants taken from our native forests. Almost any woodland blossom will thrive well in the moist atmosphere of the fernery. All that is necessary for a fernery is a deep sink or galvanized iron box (such as any tinsmith can make) to receive the earth, and a bell case of glass fitted over it. If the fernery is to be large a less expensive case may be made of sheets of clear plate glass put together in a frame like a window to form a dome over the metal box. A molding of wood should cover the line where the case fits over the edge of the fern box.

It is a good plan to get a carpeter to sink the box of the fernery into an ordinary square table of wood of suitable size. Brake, ferns of all kinds, dainty marsh grasses, trailing arbutus, fragrant fragile pyrola blossoms, which yield a perfume as delicate and intense as hyacinths, and modest blue hepaticas will all flourish in such a case. The plants of trailing arbutus bud in the fall and if those that are budded are taken up, now, and planted in a fernery they will yield a wealth of exquisite bloom before February. The bulbs of the great white trillium are now sold by our florists, and if you do not know when to go to the woods for them this will be a more convenient way of obtaining two or three of these marvellously beautiful plants. No one can fully appreciate its beauty who has not seen the great white trillium growing in the forest, and after perhaps a long search in the spring been rewarded by a sight of the stately pure white flowers growing among the dead leaves amidst the dry stocks and other ghosts of last year's vegetation.—N. Y. Tribune.

—An exchange remarks that no man can derive enjoyment from a young baby with a cigar in his mouth. No young baby should be allowed to have a cigar in his mouth.—Ram's Horn.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It takes two to gossip. The man who listens can throw no blame on the man who tells.—Atchison Globe.

—It's somewhat remarkable how so many crooked men get into straightened circumstances.—Washington Post.

—Peasant (to his son)—"Say, Hans, how long will you have to study before you can wear glasses?"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Scribbler—"I have just lots of fun writing my jokes." Friend—"Then that explains it. I wondered where the fun came in."—Detroit Free Press.

—"I know what the nights of labor are," said the mother of six boys as she sat down to repair the pile of trousers and jackets.

—Watts—"How is old man Gilfillan? Is he out of danger yet?" Doctor Bowless "I don't know. He died this morning."—Indianapolis Journal.

—When a person gets into hot water you may be sure that he has furnished his share of the fuel to heat the same.—Boston Transcript.

—An agnostic is a man who does not know any thing, and glories in the fact. The atheist is a smart man who rejoices in making a fool of himself—Boston Traveller.

—Not Wholly Bad.—"Is your son one of those noisy, dissipated college boys?" "Not exactly. He is what you might call the cub that cheers, but not inebriates."—N. Y. Sun.

—There are two things needed in these days: First, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and second, for poor men to know how rich men work.—Edward Atkinson.

—"Well," said Brown to his newly married friend, "so your wife does the cooking. I wonder you are alive to tell the tale." "Yes," replied the other, "but I am alive—alive and kicking."—Tid Bits.

—Why is it that it is so much easier for other people to say mean things about a man than it is to make a pleasant comment? You yourself, you know, never say any thing but pleasant things about anybody.—Somerville Journal.

—Mr. Quilp says that the popular game known as "Tiddledywinks" must have been invented as a safe alternative for persons unable to stand the mental strain of prolonged indulgence in the "Idiot's Delight."—Buffalo Commercial.

—The Almanac Said So. — Doctor — "How do you know that your kidneys are deranged, and you have consumption and heart disease?" Patient—"Because I've been reading a patent medicine almanac."—Yankee Blade.

—Dapper—"What is the greatest lie, Snapper, that ever impressed itself on your experience?" Snapper—"Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quartet perpetrated last night when they came around to the house and sang 'There's Music in the Air.'"—Boston Courier.

—Jenks—"Shall you go to the opera this season as usual, Miss Helen?" Helen—"We don't know yet. Ethel and I want to go very much, but our brother George is on his college foot-ball team, and we can't tell yet whether we shall be in mourning this year or not."—Harper's Weekly.

—His Ideas Not Wanted.—Great Editor—"You want to be a journalist, Mr. Deake? What are your qualifications?" Mr. Deake (with pardonable pride)—"I was graduated from Harvard, and took a post-graduate course at Yale." Great Editor—"Um, yes; both good colleges, athletically; you must have a good pair of legs! Suppose you start in collecting bicycle notes for our Connecticut edition."—The Epoch.

Gauntlets for Ladies.

A marked feature in winter gloves is the gauntlets, which are this year made high and stiff, the majority perfectly plain and the glove secured by two patent fastenings. Some of the smart vanities have designs stamped on the gauntlet or have Vandyked edges, and manufacturers are bringing out an embroidered glove in imitation of the richly decorated gloves of the seventeenth century. Fine French white doeskin are made up for tennis with the gauntlets piped with a color, and cape gloves for driving, made in close imitation of crocodile hide, come in tan and black. The cherrette make are pique sewn with spear points, like those worn by men, and come in scented Russian leather as well as tan and black. Shopping gloves are of dogskin, cut and stitched with varied welts of leather on the back like gentlemen's gloves, and have large buttons. They are worn with very smart street dresses as well as the plain ones, and are occasionally seen at the theater. Evening gloves are of undressed kid, stitched and sewn very daintily with a thread of contrasting color. Gloves with the tiny purse in the palm are to be had in French kid now as well as suede, and promise to be well worn. Black is the favorite color for evening gloves, especially among young ladies.—N. Y. Sun.